

"while the timid and conservative are waiting for business to 'pick up,' the hustling advertiser picks up business by persistent persuasion."

GOES TO HIS HELL GATES HOLOCAUST ETERNAL REST HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE ON BURNING STEAMER

THE DEAD MINE SUPERINTENDENT TO BE INTERRED TODAY IN BISBEE CEMETERY.
BODY TO LIE IN STATE

The Remains of Chas. C. Warner Will Be Taken to Masonic Hall at 11 O'Clock Today. Where the Casket Will Be Opened and His Fellow Citizens May Be Permitted to Look Upon His Face for the Last Time.

Today all that is mortal of Charles C. Warner will be seen for the last time on this earth. The universal sorrow that exists in every walk of life over the death of Charles Warner, is one of the greatest tributes to his many worth, a significant overflow of the hearts of those who knew the cheerful dead man in life, and a genuine testimonial to the splendid qualities of probably the best known man in the camp of Bisbee.

To look into the face of the dead has been one of the most persistent demands of his fellow citizens, his fellow workmen, and the community generally. This demand has been acceded to by those having the funeral ceremonies in hand, and at 11 o'clock today the remains of the deceased will be removed from the family residence and conveyed to the Masonic Hall, over the general offices of the Copper Queen Mining Company.

There the casket will be placed, and the covering removed that those desiring to view the kindly face may for the last time look therein and bid the old, tried and trusted friend of everybody that knew him the farewell which precedes the interment.

The well known love of Mr. Warner for the Lodge of Masons with which he was affiliated, necessarily made it the wish of the deceased that the Blue Lodge take charge of the ceremonies. At a meeting of the Lodge held last evening all arrangements were consummated for the burial of the brother. It was decided then to carry out the program as outlined above. There will necessarily be an immense throng wish to pay their respects to the deceased, and it was deemed best that this arrangement of placing the body in state would meet the desires of those who might wish to view the remains.

At 1:30 p. m. Perfect Ashlar Lodge, as a body will assume charge of the ceremonies, and the beautiful ritual of that body will be carried out. The Rev. Wheatley, of the Methodist Church, an orator of much consequence, will briefly address the assembly in the lodge room, after which the officers of the lodge will assume all of the funeral rites. Following the ceremonies of the hall, the casket will then be removed to the hearse, and under the auspices of Perfect Ashlar Lodge the funeral cortege will move to the Bisbee cemetery escorted by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, the A. O. U. W., and other orders of which the deceased was an active member.

At the grave the Masonic Lodge will again conduct the ceremonies, place the little sprig of acacia upon the casket that contains the mortal remains of their deceased brother, and all that human hands can ever do for the manly man who shall sleep in the little city of the dead will have been done.

It is believed that the most perfect arrangements have been made for the occasion, and that it will be the most imposing funeral ever held in Arizona. Creeds, caste, religion—all have been laid away in the almost universal desire to show their respect for the dead. The names of the Copper Queen company will be closed down from 7 a. m. until 3 p. m., an unusual and distinguished honor shown by the company towards their late official.

This is to be particularly noted when it is known that but a very short time ago, when one of the members of the firm in New York, interested as owners of the Queen mines was buried, this was not done to the same extent. It is known that Mr. Warner was one of the most highly esteemed and valued of all the thousands of employees of the Copper Queen Company. The banks of the city will close their doors from 1 o'clock, to remain closed for the day; the Copper Queen Store will close from 1:30 until 3 p. m., and only the absolutely necessary departments of the C. Q. Company will be in operation during the day.

The pall bearers will be R. S. Hunt, H. M. Woods, Clint Moon, Emil Marks, Otto Giesenhoffer and S. W. Clawson.

The afternoon of the day that Mr. Warner was killed the Review wired to Mr. W. H. Brophy, the store manager of the Copper Queen, the sad intelligence, and a similar telegram to W. B. Kelly, manager of the Review.

(Continued on Page Four.)

Three Decker "General Slocum," Monster Excursion Steamer Burns With 2000 on Board.

THE HOLD OF THE STEAMER IS CHOKED WITH BODIES OF THE DEAD SUNDAY SCHOOL CHILDREN WHO WERE ON PICNIC—MOST HORRIBLE DISASTER IN HISTORY OF AMERICAN METROPOLIS—DIVERS ARE BRINGING UP BODIES—MANY LIVES LOST IN THE WHIRLPOOL—TERRIBLE SCENE ON DECK OF DOOMED VESSEL.

New York, Wednesday.—One of the most appalling disasters in the history of New York, tragic in its immensity, and deeply pathetic in the tender age of most of its victims, took place today in the East River at the entrance to Long Island Sound, within a short distance of New York, and within sight of thousands of people, the majority of whom were powerless to minimize the extent of the catastrophe by burning to the water's edge of the Gen. Slocum, a three-decker excursion steamer, the largest in these waters. More than 2,000 persons, the majority of whom were women and children, were burned to death or drowned by jumping overboard or by being thrown into the whirlpools made by the lurching of the vessel and the frantic rush of the panic stricken passengers.

Nearly five hundred bodies have been recovered, and are now being tagged at the morgues of the Bellevue Hospital and in Harlem. The divers were still busy at a late hour taking out the bodies from the hold of the vessel, which they say is choked with the remains of human beings. The bodies of scores who leaped or were thrown into the water have not been rescued.

The steamer was chartered for the annual excursion of the Sunday school of St. Mark's German Lutheran church and had been chartered to carry the children and attendants to Locust Grove, a popular resort on Long Island Sound. It is variously estimated that there were between 1,500 and 2,500 persons on board the General Slocum when she burned, although the company which owns the steamer states that the number of passengers was 572, one-third the capacity of the vessel. In addition to these the company admits that there were probably several hundred children in arms, for whom fares are not paid.

The children were gaily singing, dancing and waving handkerchiefs and flags in answer to salutations of those on shore, when their joyous little hearts were paralyzed with fear when it was discovered that the steamer was on fire.

The fire is said to have broken out in the lunch room on the forward deck through the overturning of a pot of grease. The winds were high and the efforts to subdue the fire were futile.

Capt. Van Schaick, in command of the General Slocum, beached the steamer on North Brothers Island, where two hours later she sank.

The passengers had become panic stricken, and those who were not caught by the flames rushed to the rear of the vessel and jumped overboard into the swiftly running water.

As soon as possible after the killing a coroner's jury was summoned, and the details of the affair investigated, and the jury rendered a verdict that Henry Bonhoffer was justified in taking the life of his fellow man, Otto Moore, as Bonhoffer fired the deadly shot in self defense.

The latest report received by the Review was that Bonhoffer was still alive, but no hope was entertained for his recovery.

Otto Moore was one of the well known men of Arizona, particularly in Cochise county, where he lived for many years. He made "his stake" while living in Wilcox out of a wolf-meat mine in the historic Dragonas.

For some time he ran a hotel in Wilcox, where he was very popular. He was recently employed by the Cananea Company in a responsible position, and for a long time was guard at the Bank of Cananea. One of his duties was to convey, with another man, the cash from Naco to Cananea for the pay roll of that camp. On one occasion he came very near losing the grip in which there were thousands of dollars of Cananea Copper Company money. He and his partner put the

grip under a gambling table, and then indulged in a little game of chance, where the wine was flowing freely. The two men were having such an enjoyable time that they forgot all about the grip and the pay roll, and went off and left the money under the table. A friend of the two men learned where they had left the grip, and going to the table picked it up and took it to their room in the hotel and assisted them to bed.

At the time of his death Moore was working for Wm. Liggett, the old time stage and transfer man. Moore was a brave man. He knew not what the word fear meant. He lived in Arizona when this territory was an uncivilized land, where the Apache Indians held sway, and it was such men, who were fearless and quick on trigger that made it possible for Arizona to be a populous, prosperous commonwealth.

The tragedy is a most deplorable affair, and caused the most intense excitement in Naco especially, and in Bisbee, where the deceased was well known.

Moore was a married man. Little is known of the family relations of Bonhoffer. It would appear from all the facts that could be gathered, that Moore, who had a high strung temper, was the aggressor in the fight, and made the first assault with his gun upon Bonhoffer, and that it was only after being shot himself, and being unarmed that the latter jumped into the express office, reached for his gun and fired with deadly aim into the body of his assailant, the ball from his forty-five unerringly piercing the heart of the dead man.

The dead wagon of the Palace Undertaking Company later went to Naco for the remains of Moore. Bonhoffer was carried into the rear room of the Wells-Fargo Express office, where at a late hour last night he was resting comfortably and quite conscious, recognizing friends who were admitted to see him.

Bonhoffer was shot four times, one ball penetrating the neck above the shoulder, one entered the shoulder just above the shoulder blade, and the two others entered the side. Bonhoffer has what might be termed a "fighting chance," but not more, to live. Little more than a hope is entertained of his recovery.

NOTE.—In the above report the name "Bonhoffer" should read "Bonhauser."

After the services Sunday evening they engaged in a fist fight in front of the pulpit and in full sight of the congregation. The minister knocked Heath down twice, the last time rendering him senseless, with a blow on the temple. Mrs. Heath, mother of the elder interfered, but she was thrown over the pulpit steps by the angry minister.

Elder Heath is a student in the Western Theological Seminary, and as elder he objected to minister acting as agent for a mining company and blocked some of his sales of stock. The minister had just finished a sermon, "The Peacefulness of David," when the trouble occurred.

Owing to the press of advertising matter, much important news is crowded out of this issue of the Review. This will appear in the issue of tomorrow morning, when the paper will be ten pages.

Writ of Mandamus Asked for Against County Treasurer Scribner

O. Gibson, plaintiff, vs. M. D. Scribner, Treasurer and ex-officio Tax Collector for Cochise County and Territory of Arizona, Defendant.
Notice of application for writ of mandamus to M. D. Scribner. You are hereby notified that O. Gibson, the undersigned, will apply to the District Court, within and for the County of Cochise, on the 27th day of June, 1904, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard for a writ of mandamus to issue against you commanding you to issue a tax bill for the delinquent taxes of the Copper Queen Consolidated Mining Company for which delinquent taxes may be due from said company, in accordance with the provisions of the Act No. 92 of the Acts of the Legislative Assembly of Arizona of 1903. Dated this 15th day of June, 1904. (Signed) O. GIBSON.

(Special to Review.)
Tombstone, Wednesday.—The above is the title of a suit filed here this evening by Attorney O. Gibson, of this city, against M. D. Scribner, Treasurer of Cochise County and ex-officio Tax Collector, and covers the application for a writ of mandamus to compel the County Treasurer to collect back taxes from the Copper Queen Consolidated Mining Co. for taxes due in 1901, amounting to \$88,000. Accompanying the writ is the petition of the plaintiff, relating the existence of a contract made between the plaintiff and M. D. Scribner, in his official capacity, as Treasurer, in which he agrees as attorney for M. D. Scribner as Treasurer, to act as his counsel. That by reason of the said County Treasurer and ex-officio Tax Collector not collecting said delinquent taxes, he, the plaintiff, is prevented from prosecuting suit against the Copper Queen Company, and that Cochise County is deprived of the use and benefit of such unpaid taxes, and the plaintiff of the percentage he would be allowed for the collection of said taxes. The petition is accompanied by the affidavit of the plaintiff, and prays that the writ of mandamus be issued as above, returnable on June 27.

Desperate Gun Fight on the Streets of Naco Results in Killing

OTTO MOORE, WELL KNOWN IN COCHISE COUNTY, ATTACKS HENRY BONHOFFER ON THE STREETS OF NACO, WITH HIS FORTY-FIVE—SHOOT HIM FOUR TIMES, WHEN THE LATTER JUMPS FOR HIS GUN IN THE WELLS-FARGO EXPRESS OFFICE—TAKES A TRUE AIM AND WITH ONE SHOT PIERCES THE HEART OF HIS ASSAILANT, KILLING HIM INSTANTLY—RESULT OF FEUD CULMINATED A LONG STANDING CASE OF BAD BLOOD BETWEEN THE TWO MEN. JURY OF CORONER EXONERATES BONHOFFER—MOORE AN OLD TIME RESIDENT OF COCHISE COUNTY, WELL KNOWN OVER SOUTHERN ARIZONA—AND GENERALLY REGARDED AS A FEARLESS MAN.

Once more the little town of Naco was the scene of a fatal gun play. One man is dead and another will probably die as the result of a gun fight in broad daylight on the main street of the border town.

Otto Moore is the man who is dead; Henry Bonhoffer is not likely to live.

The two men met on the street in front of the Wells-Fargo Express office, and from the accounts given the Review, Otto Moore pulled his six-shooter on Bonhoffer, the man who subsequently killed him. Bonhoffer jumped inside the express office and got his gun, and then the terrible duel at handkerchief range began.

Moore spoke four times, each laden messenger of death finding its mark in the body of the express agent. Bonhoffer, although weakened from the loss of his life blood, cocked his gun, and with a deliberate aim sent a big bullet through the heart of the man who was emptying his six-shooter into him. Moore fell to the wooden sidewalk with his weapon grasped tightly in his hand. He died almost instantly.

The terrible affair is the result of an enmity between the two men of long standing.

As soon as possible after the killing a coroner's jury was summoned, and the details of the affair investigated, and the jury rendered a verdict that Henry Bonhoffer was justified in taking the life of his fellow man, Otto Moore, as Bonhoffer fired the deadly shot in self defense.

The latest report received by the Review was that Bonhoffer was still alive, but no hope was entertained for his recovery.

Otto Moore was one of the well known men of Arizona, particularly in Cochise county, where he lived for many years. He made "his stake" while living in Wilcox out of a wolf-meat mine in the historic Dragonas.

For some time he ran a hotel in Wilcox, where he was very popular. He was recently employed by the Cananea Company in a responsible position, and for a long time was guard at the Bank of Cananea. One of his duties was to convey, with another man, the cash from Naco to Cananea for the pay roll of that camp. On one occasion he came very near losing the grip in which there were thousands of dollars of Cananea Copper Company money. He and his partner put the

grip under a gambling table, and then indulged in a little game of chance, where the wine was flowing freely. The two men were having such an enjoyable time that they forgot all about the grip and the pay roll, and went off and left the money under the table. A friend of the two men learned where they had left the grip, and going to the table picked it up and took it to their room in the hotel and assisted them to bed.

At the time of his death Moore was working for Wm. Liggett, the old time stage and transfer man. Moore was a brave man. He knew not what the word fear meant. He lived in Arizona when this territory was an uncivilized land, where the Apache Indians held sway, and it was such men, who were fearless and quick on trigger that made it possible for Arizona to be a populous, prosperous commonwealth.

The tragedy is a most deplorable affair, and caused the most intense excitement in Naco especially, and in Bisbee, where the deceased was well known.

Moore was a married man. Little is known of the family relations of Bonhoffer. It would appear from all the facts that could be gathered, that Moore, who had a high strung temper, was the aggressor in the fight, and made the first assault with his gun upon Bonhoffer, and that it was only after being shot himself, and being unarmed that the latter jumped into the express office, reached for his gun and fired with deadly aim into the body of his assailant, the ball from his forty-five unerringly piercing the heart of the dead man.

The dead wagon of the Palace Undertaking Company later went to Naco for the remains of Moore. Bonhoffer was carried into the rear room of the Wells-Fargo Express office, where at a late hour last night he was resting comfortably and quite conscious, recognizing friends who were admitted to see him.

Bonhoffer was shot four times, one ball penetrating the neck above the shoulder, one entered the shoulder just above the shoulder blade, and the two others entered the side. Bonhoffer has what might be termed a "fighting chance," but not more, to live. Little more than a hope is entertained of his recovery.

NOTE.—In the above report the name "Bonhoffer" should read "Bonhauser."

After the services Sunday evening they engaged in a fist fight in front of the pulpit and in full sight of the congregation. The minister knocked Heath down twice, the last time rendering him senseless, with a blow on the temple. Mrs. Heath, mother of the elder interfered, but she was thrown over the pulpit steps by the angry minister.

Elder Heath is a student in the Western Theological Seminary, and as elder he objected to minister acting as agent for a mining company and blocked some of his sales of stock. The minister had just finished a sermon, "The Peacefulness of David," when the trouble occurred.

RUSSIANS ON THE RUN

JAPS DEFEAT RUSSIANS NEAR FU CHOW—RUSSIANS LEAVE BIG GUNS AND TAKE TO THE WOODS.

GREAT JAP VICTORY

In Battle of Vafangow Russians Defeat Japs, and Destroy Three Squadrons of Cavalry—Fears for Loss of Jap Merchant Vessels.

London, Thursday.—A dispatch to the Daily Express from Tokio, dated June 15, says news has been received there but has not been officially published, of a great Japanese victory near Fu Chow, 70 miles north of Port Arthur. The Russians, it is added, were overwhelmed, and lost a thousand men, and left all their guns on the field, and retreated in disorder. The Daily Chronicle's correspondent at Tokio cables the same news, adding that the Russians, to the number of 7,000 men, are now in full flight toward Tshi Chiao and Kal Chow.

Japs Fear Loss of Ships.

London, Wednesday.—A dispatch to the Central News from Tokio says the cannonading at Saz stopped at 1 p. m. There was a heavy sea in the Straits of Jap. Ten Jap steamers left various ports for Moji, and there is much anxiety about their fate. It is rumored tonight that five Russian warships have gone eastward.

A Fierce Battle.

London, Wednesday.—Fighting at Vafangow was renewed today and is still proceeding. No details are obtainable, but it is rumored that the Russians partly succeeded in destroying three squadrons of Jap cavalry. The Russian casualties in the fighting were 300 killed or wounded. Jap losses are not known.

Martin Jacobson, Raving Maniac Resists Arrest

Yesterday afternoon there occurred in the Palace saloon one of the most distressing affairs that has been enacted in Bisbee for many a day. It was the arrest of a maniac by two officers. Judge Brown, after an examination ordered that Martin Jacobson be taken to Tombstone and examined by the Probate Judge as to his mental condition. Jacobson, only a short time ago, was discharged from the insane asylum at Phoenix, as having been cured.

A few days ago he showed signs of returning insanity again while on shift in the Copper Queen mine. He wanted to fight his boss and all that came near him. He was discharged, and since then has been drinking considerably. Yesterday afternoon he became violent and made threats to kill a fellow countryman—a Swede. He was in a dangerous frame of mind, his idea being that his wife was unfaithful, and that he wanted revenge upon some one. After the order was made to take him to Tombstone, Deputy Childster and City Marshal Snodgrass went into the Palace saloon to make the arrest. Jacobson was at a table with friends when the officers came in. As soon as they laid hands on him he resisted, and was dragged to the door. Suddenly he developed strength almost superhuman. He grabbed the officers and whirled them about as though they were children; saying that he would never go. He begged to be killed, rather than to go to jail. All the time he was talking he was fighting the officers like a demon. His arms and legs flew about like a windmill, and it was dangerous to go near him, but the two men stuck to him, and with the help of Biddy Doyle they downed him. Several men helped hold him down while the handcuffs and leg irons were sent for. He was shackled and taken to jail in a transfer wagon and locked in a solitary cell. All the time he was making resistance to the officers, he was glaring like a wild bull, and frothing at the mouth like a mad dog.

Powerful men were handling him, but it required all of their combined strength to do anything with him.

The poor unfortunate will be taken to Tombstone this morning, when his case will be investigated by Judge O'Brien in the Probate Court.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Owing to the press of advertising matter, much important news is crowded out of this issue of the Review. This will appear in the issue of tomorrow morning, when the paper will be ten pages.